



STEWART FIELD  
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Thursday  
1645

Dearest Pottie,

I just came back from  
the D.X. where I called you.  
I'm so sorry you weren't home,  
I didn't think you would be. I  
planned to call later, but  
I'm flying again tonight.

I'm so sorry I haven't written  
more this week but ~~with~~  
this night flying takes up  
all of the little sack time  
that I have. You've been swell  
about writing home. You have  
no idea how good it is  
to come crawling back from  
P.T. and find one of your  
letters on my bed, but  
did you ever try to read  
a letter in the shower?  
Have you got any waterproof  
ink? I hardly have time to



read them, much less write

Yeah, that's the song  
"That could happen to them," er, no;  
"It could happen to me," well anyway  
I like it.

What are you doing these  
nights that you're not getting  
any sleep? Have you tried  
going to bed early or  
is it the lack of ovaltine  
in your diet? Well maybe  
this weekend we can get  
in at a decent hour, <sup>(decent, decent  
decent, decent  
how the hell do you  
spell that?)</sup> 3:30 instead of four. I'm

not promising anything now,  
but Saturday night I'm  
going to try to get tickets  
to a show in N.Y. I'll

see if I can get a nice  
soft pillow for you to sit on.

Say, Sunday is the 29<sup>th</sup>  
are we going to that wedding?  
I'd forgotten all about it. I'd  
like to go, I love weddings.

Well hon, I've got to go to  
some lecture ~~at~~ on night flying  
safety now. I'll see you Saturday  
angel. In the meantime, stay sober  
all my love Julia